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POETRY.

TWILIGHT.

'Tis the quiet hour of feeling,
Now the busy day is past,
And the twilight shadows stealing,
O'er the world their mantle cast;
Now the spirit, worn and saddened,
Which the cares of day had bowed,
By its gentle influence gladdened,
Forth emerges from the cloud;

While on Memory's magic pages,
Rise our long-lost joys to light,
Like shadowy forms of other ages
From the oblivious breast of night;
And the loved and lost revisit
Our fond hearts, their place of yore,
Till we long with them to inherit
Realms above, to part no more.

There we search for hidden treasures,
Buried in the vault of time,
Thought its labyrinth pathway measures,
And restores them to their prime.
Then with eager, anxious feeling,
Secret things we would unfold,
And, its awful tomb unsealing,
Wish the doubtful future told.

Long to know the drops of sorrow
Mingled with our draught of life,
What the unknown, untried to-morrow,
Hath of care, and toil, and strife,
And the winged hours of pleasure
Which may cross the weary way,
Ere our destined course we measure,
And return to kindred clay.

Morning hath her song of gladness,
Sultry noon, its fervid glare,
Evening hours, their gentle sadness,
Night its dreams, and rest from care,
But the pensive twilight ever
Gives its own sweet fancies birth,
Waking visions, that may never
Know reality on earth.—*Knickerbocker.*

BEAUTY'S GRAVE.

Tread softly, stranger! this is ground
Which no rude footstep should impress,
With tender pity gaze around,
Let sadness all thy soul possess.
Tread softly! lest thou crush the flowers
That o'er this turf are taught to wave,
Transplanted from their native bowers,
To shed their sweets o'er Beauty's grave.

And, stranger, let your melting heart
Mark well this fresh and verdant sod!
And ere you from the scene depart,
Oh! let your soul commune with God.
Thus fade the fragile buds of earth,
Thus fade the lovely and the brave!
Come now, ye thoughtless sons of mirth,
And pause awhile o'er Beauty's grave.

Sweet, withered rose! may thy pale doom
Call tears into the maiden's eye!
Oh! may the prospect of this tomb
Remind her "all that live must die!"
And warn her in the days of youth,
To think of him who being gave,
And bid her seek the ways of truth,
Like her who sleeps in Beauty's grave.

BIOGRAPHY.

Voltaire.

Potsdam was, in truth, what it was called by one of its most illusirious inmates, the Palace of Alcina. At the first glance it seemed to be a delightful spot, where every intellectual and physical enjoyment awaited the happy adventurer. Every new comer was received with eager hospitality, intoxicated with flattery, encouraged to expect prosperity and greatness. It was in vain that a long succession of favorites who had entered that abode with delight and hope and who, after a short term of delusive happiness, had been doomed to expiate their folly by years of wretchedness and degradation, raised their voices to warn the aspirant who approached the charmed threshold. Some had wisdom enough to discover the truth early, and spirit enough to fly without looking back; others lingered on to a cheerless and unhonored old age. We have no hesitation in saying that the poorest author of that time in London, sleeping on a bulk, dining in a cellar, with a cravat of paper, and a skewer for a shirt-pin, was a happier man than any of the literary inmates of Frederic's court.

But of all who entered the enchanted garden in the inebriation of delight, and quitted it in the agonies of rage and shame, the most remarkable was Voltaire. Many circumstances had made him desirous of finding a home at a distance from his country. His fame had raised him up enemies. His sensibility gave them a formidable advantage over him. They were, indeed, contemptible assailants. Of all that they wrote, nothing has survived, except what he has preserved. But the constitution of his mind resembled the constitution of those bodies, in which the slighest scratch of a bramble, or the sting of a gnat, never fails to fester. Though his reputation was rather raised than lowered by the abuse of such writers as Freron and Des Fontaines—though the vengeance which he took on Freron and Des Fontaines was such that branding scourging, pillorying would have been a trifle to it—there is reason to believe that they gave him far more pain than he ever gave them. Though he enjoyed during his own life-time the reputation of a classic—though he was extolled by his contemporaries above all poets, philosophers, and historians—though his works were read with as much delight at Moscow and Westminster, at Florence and Stockholm, as at Paris itself, yet he was tortured by that restless jealousy which should seem to belong only to minds burning with the love of fame, and yet conscious of impotence. To men of letters who could by no possibility be his rivals, he was if they behaved well to him, not merely just, not merely kind, not merely courteous, but often a hearty friend, a munificent benefactor. But to every one who rose to a celebrity approaching his own, he became either a disguised or an avowed enemy. He slyly depreciated Montesquieu and Buffon. He publicly, and with violent outrage, made war on Jean Jacques Rousseau.—Nor had he the art of hiding his feelings under the semblance of good nature or of contempt. With all his great talents, and all his long experience in the world, he had no more self-command than a petted child, or a hysterical woman.—Whenever he was mortified, he exhausted the whole rhetoric of sorrow and anger to express his mortification. His torrents of bitter words—his stamping and cursing—his grimaces and his tears of rage—were a rich feast to those abject natures, whose delight is in the agonies of powerful spirits, and in the abasement of immortal names. These creatures had now found a way of galling to the very quick. In one walk, at least, it had been admitted by envy itself that he was without a living competitor. Since Racine had been laid among the great men whose ashes make the holy precinct of Port Royal holier, no tragic poet had appeared who could contest the palm with the author of *Alzire*, of *Zaire*, and *Merope*. At length, a rival was announced. Old Crebillon, who, many years before, had obtained some theatrical success, and who had long been forgotten, came forth from his garret in one of the meanest lanes, near the Rue St. Antoine, and was welcomed by the acclamations of envious men of letters and of a capricious populace.—A thing called *Cataline*, which he had written in his retirement was acted with boundless applause. Of this execrable piece it is sufficient to say that the plot turns on a love affair carried on in all the forms of Scudery, between Cataline, whose confidante is Prætor Lentulus, and Tullia, the daughter of Cicero.—The theatre resounded with acclamations The king pensioned the successful poet, and the coffee houses pronounced that Voltaire war a clever man, but that the real tragic inspiration, the celestial fire which glowed in Corneille and Racine, was to be found in Crebillon alone.

The blow went to Voltaire's heart.—Had his wisdom and fortitude been in proportion to the fertility of his genius, and to the brilliancy of his wit, he wo'd have seen that it was out of the power of all the puffers and detractors in Europe to put *Cataline* above *Zaire*, but he had none of the magnanimous patience with which Milton and Bentley left their claims to the unerring judgment of Time. He eagerly engaged in an undignified competition with Crebillon, and produced a series of plays on the same subjects which his rival had treated. These pieces were coolly received. Angry with the court, angry with the capital, Voltaire began to find pleasure in the prospect of exile. His attachment for Madame de Chatelet long prevented him from executing his purpose. Her death set him at liberty, and he determined to take refuge in Berlin.

To Berlin he was invited in a series of letters couched in the most enthusiastic terms of friendship and admiration. For once, the rigid parsimony of Frederick the Great seemed to have relaxed. Orders, honorable offices, a liberal pension, a well served table, stately apartments under a royal roof, were offered in return for the pleasure and honor which were expected from the society of the first wit of the age. A thousand louis were remitted for the charges of the journey. No ambassador setting out from Berlin for a court of the first rank had been more amply supplied. But Voltaire was not satisfied. At a later period, when he possessed an ample fortune, he was one of the most liberal of men; but till his means had become equal to his wishes, his greediness for lucre was unrestrained either by justice or shame. He had the effrontery to ask for a thousand louis more in order to enable him to bring his niece, Madame Dennis, the ugliest of coquettes, in his company.—The indelicate rapacity of the poet produced its natural effect on the severe and frugal king. The answer was a dry refusal. "I did not," said his majesty, "solicit the honor of the lady's society." On this, Voltaire went off into a paroxysm of childish rage. "Was there ever such avarice? He has a hundred tubs full of dollars in his vaults, and haggles with me about a poor thousand louis." It seemed that the negociation would be broken off; but Frederic, with great dexterity affected indifference, and seemed inclined to transfer his idolatry to Baculard D'Arnaud. His majesty even wrote some bad verses, of which the sense was that Voltaire was a setting sun, and that Arnaud was rising. Good natured friends soon carried the lines to Voltaire. He was in his bed. He jumped out in his shirt, and and danced about the room with rage, and sent for his passport, and post-horses. It was not difficult to foresee the end of a connection which had such a beginning.

It was in the year 1750, that Voltaire left the great capital which he was not to see again till, after the lapse of nearly thirty years, he returned to die in the midst of a splendid and ghastly triumph. His reception in Prussia was such as might well have elated a less vain and excitable mind. He wrote to his friends at Paris that the kindness and the attention with which he had been welcomed surpassed description—that the king was the most amiable of men—that Potsdam was the Paradise of philosophers. He was created chamberlain, and received, together with his gold key, the cross of an order, and a patent ensuring him a pension of eight hundred pounds sterling a year for life. A hundred and sixty pounds a year were promised to his niece if she survived him. The royal cooks and coachmen were put at his disposal. He was lodged in the same apartments in which Saxe had lived, when at the hight of power and glory, he had visited Prussia. Frederic, indeed, stooped for a time to use the language of adulation. He pressed to his lips the meager hand of the little grinning skeleton, whom he regarded as the dispenser of immortal renown. He would add, he said, to the titles, which he owed to his ancestors and his sword, another title, derived from his last and proudest acquisition. His style should run thus:—"Frederic, King of Prussia, Margrave of Brandenburg, Sovereign Duke of Silesia, Possessor of Voltaire." But even amidst the delights of the honey moon, Voltaire's sensitive vanity began to take alarm. A few days after his arrival, he could not help telling his neice, that the amiable king had a trick of giving a sly scratch with one hand while patting and stroking with the other. Soon came hints not the less alarming because mysterious. "The supper parties are delicious. The king is the life of the company.—But—I have operas and comedies, reviews and concerts, my studies and books. But—but—Berlin is fine, the princess charming, the maids of honor handsome. But"——

This eccentric friendship was fast cooling. Never had there met two persons so exquisitely fitted to plague each other. Each had exactly the fault of which the other was most impatient; and they were, in different ways, the most impatient of mankind. Frederic was frugal, almost niggardly. When he had secured his plaything, he began to think he had bought it too dear. Voltaire, on the other hand was greedy even to the extent of impudence and knavery; and conceived that the favorite of a monarch who had barrels of gold and silver laid up in cellars, ought to make a fortune which a receiver-general might envy. They soon discovered each other's feelings. Both were angry, and a war began in which Frederic stooped to the part of Harpagon, and Voltaire to that of Scapin. It is humiliating to relate that the great warrior and statesman gave orders that his guest's allowance of sugar and chocolate should be curtailed. It is, if possible, a still more humiliating fact that Voltaire indemnified himself by pocketing the wax candles in the royal ante-chamber. Disputes about money, however, were not the most serious disputes of these extraordinary associates. The sarcasms soon galled the sensitive temper of the poet. D'Arnaud, and D'Argens, Guiccard and Le Metrie, might, for the sake of a morsel of bread, be willing to bear the insolence of a master; but Voltaire was of another order. He knew that he was a potentate as well as Frederic; that his European reputation, and his incomparable power of covering whatever he hated with ridicule, made him an object of dread even to the leaders of armies and the rulers of nations. In truth, of all the intellectual weapons ever wielded by man, the most terrible was the mockery of Voltaire. Bigots and tyrants who had never been moved by the wailing and cursing of millions, turned pale at his name. Principles unassailable by reason, principles which had withstood the fiercest attacks of power, the most valuable truths, the most generous sentiments, the noblest and most graceful images, the purest reputations and the most august institutions, began to look mean and loathesome as soon as that withering smile was turned upon them. To every opponent, however strong in his cause and his talents, in his station and his character, who ventured to encounter the Great Scoffer, might be addressed the caution which was given of old to the Archangel:—

> "I forewarn thee, shun
> His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
> To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
> Tho' temper'd heavenly; for that fatal dint,
> Save Him who reigns above, none can resist."

We cannot pause to recount how often that rare talent was exercised against rivals worthy of esteem—how often it was used to crush and torture enemies worthy only of silent disdain—how often it was perverted to the more noxious purpose of destroying the last solace of earthly misery, and the last restraint on earthly power. Neither can we pause to tell how often it was used to vindicate justice, humanity, and toleration—the principles of sound philosophy, the principles of free government. This is not the place for a full character of Voltaire.

Causes of quarrel multiplied fast.—Voltaire, who, partly from love of money, and partly from love of excitement, was always fond of stockjobbing, became implicated in some transactions of at least a dubious character. The king was delighted at having such an opportunity to humble his guest; and bitter reproaches and complaints were exchanged. Voltaire, too, was soon at war with the other men of letters who surrounded the king; and this irritated Frederic, who, however, had himself chiefly to blame; for, from that love of tormenting which was in him a ruling passion, he was perpetually lavishing extravagant praises on small men and bad books.—He did so merely that he might enjoy the rage and mortification which on such occasions, Voltaire took no pains to conceal. His majesty, however, soon had reasons to regret the pains he had taken to kindle jealousy among the members of his household. The whole palace was in a ferment with literary intrigues and cabals. It was to no purpose that the imperial voice, which kept a hundred and sixty thousand soldiers in order, was raised to quiet the contentions of the exasperated wits. It was far easier to stir up such a storm than to lull it. Nor was Frederic in his capacity of wit by any means without his own share of vexations. He had sent a large quantity of verses to Voltaire, and requested that they might be returned with remarks and corrections. "See!" exclaimed Voltaire, "what a quantity of his dirty linen the king has sent me to wash."—Talebearers were not wanting to carry the sarcasm to the royal ear, and Frederic was as much incensed as a Grub street writer who had found his name in the Dunciad.

This could not last. A circumstance which, when the mutual regard of the friends was in its first glow, would merely have been matter for laughter, produced a violent explosion. Maupertius enjoyed as much of Frederic's good will as any man of letters. He was President of the Academy of Berlin; and stood second to Voltaire, though at an immense distance, in the literary society which had assembled at the Prussian court. Frederic had, by playing for his own amusement on the feelings of the two jealous and vain-glorious Frenchmen, succeeded in producing a bitter enmity between them. Voltaire had resolved to set his mark, never to be effaced, on the forehead of Maupertius; and wrote the exquisitely ludicrous diatribe of *Doctor Akakia*. He showed this little piece to Frederic, who had too much taste and too much malice not to relish such delicious pleasantry. In truth, even at this time of day, it is not easy for any one who has the least perception of the ludicrous to read the jokes on the Latin city, the Patagonians, and the hole in the centre of the earth, without laughing till he cries. But tho' Frederic was diverted at this charming pasquinade, he was unwilling that it should get abroad. His self-love was interested. He had selected Maupertius to fill the Chair of his Academy. If all Europe were taught to laugh at Maupertius, would not the reputation of the Academy, would not even the dignity of its royal patron be in some degree compromised? The king, therefore, begged Voltaire to suppress his performance.—Voltaire promised to do so, and broke his word. The diatribe was published, and received with shouts of merriment and applause by all who could read the French language. The king stormed! Voltaire, with his usual disregard for truth, protested his innocence, and made up some lie about a printer or an amanuensis. The king was not so to be imposed upon. He ordered the pamphlet to be burnt by the common hangman, and insisted upon having an apology from Voltaire couched in the most abject terms. Voltaire sent back to the king his cross his key, and the patent of his pension. After this burst of rage, the strange pair began to be ashamed of their violence, and went through the forms of reconciliation. But the breach was irreparable. Voltaire took his leave of Frederic forever. They parted with cold civility; but their hearts were big with resentment. Voltaire had in his keeping a volume of the king's poetry, and forgot to return it. This was, we believe, merely one of the oversights which men setting upon a journey often commit. That Voltaire could have meditated plagiarism is quite incredible. He would not, we are confident, for the half of Frederic's kingdom, have consented to father Frederic's verses. The king, however, who rated his own writings much above their real value, and who was inclined to see all Voltaire's actions in their worst light was enraged to think that his favorite compositions were in the hands of an enemy as thievish as a daw, and as mischievous as a monkey. In the anger excited by this thought, he lost sight of reason and decency, and determined on committing an outrage at once odious and ridiculous.

Voltaire had reached Frankfort. His niece, Madame Denis, came thither to meet him. He conceived himself secure from the power of his late master, when he was arrested by order of the Prussian resident. The precious volume was delivered up. But the Prussian agents had been instructed not to let Voltaire escape without some gross indignity. He was confined twelve days in a wretched hovel. Sentinels with fixed bayonets kept guard over him. His niece was dragged through the mire by the soldiers. Sixteen hundred dollars had been extorted from him by his insolent jailors.

When at length the illustrious prisoner was set at liberty, the prospect was but dreary. He was an exile both from the country of his birth, and the country of his adoption.

He took refuge on the beautiful shores of Lake Leman. There loosed from every tie which had hitherto restrained him and having little to fear or hope from courts and churches, he began his long war against all that, whether for good or evil, had authority over the mind of man. What Burke said of the Constituent Assembly was eminently true of this its Great Forerunner. He could not build—he could only pull down—he was the very Vitruvius of ruin. He has bequeathed to us not a single doctrine to be called by his name—not a single addition to the stock of our positive knowledge. But no human teacher ever left behind him so vast and terrible a wreck of truths and falsehoods—of things noble and things base—of things useful and things pernicious. From the time when his sojourn beneath the Alps commenced, the dramatist, the wit, the historian, was merged in a more important character. He was now the patriarch, the founder of a sect, the chief of a conspiracy, the prince of a wide intellectual commonwealth. He often enjoyed a pleasure dear to the better part of his nature, the pleasure of vindicating innocence which had no other helper—of repairing cruel wrongs—of punishing tyranny in high places. He had also the satisfaction, not less acceptable to his ravenous vanity, of hearing terrified Capuchin call him the Anti-christ.—But whether employed in works of benevolence, or in works of mischief, he never forgot Potsdam and Frankfort; and he listened anxiously to every murmur which indicated that a tempest was gathering in Europe, and that his vengeance was at hand.—[Thomas B. Macaulay.

THE WIFE OF AUDUBON.

Mr. Audubon married early, into the family of the Bakewells, in England.—The family name, so familiar in this country, is a sufficient pronunciation of her probable worthiness to share the fortunes of such a man. But apart from all extraneous considerations, her life is the best commentary upon, and her sons the best illustration of, what such a matron should be. She shared with a smiling bravery all the wanderings and necessities of her husband. Whether the temporary occupant of some log or frame hovel attached to a trading post of the great south-west, where it was necessary for the husband to take up his quarters in the double capacity of trader and naturalist, or a sharer of honors, regal so far as artistic and scientific appreciation could fashion them, bestowed upon him amid the imposing luxuries of European life, she was always the calm, cheerful helper, as well as sympathiser. A noble relic of that almost exploded school of matrons who recognize the compact of marriage as a sacred union of purpose as well as life. She does not seem to have aimed at a loftier honor than that of being the true wife of J. J. Audubon.

In this is her greatest glory; for a common woman, with the fears and weaknesses of common character, would soon have crushed the gossamer web of his fine enthusiasm, beneath the weight of vulgar cares and apprehensions. So far from this being the case, she appears to have been so entirely identified with his successes, that it would be impossible to separate her loving recognition of them. She was his resolute companion in many of the long journeys he found it necessary to make in his early days, to the far west. She crossed the Alleghenies with him on horseback, at a time when there existed no other facilities for making the journey. She shared with him the way-side hovel of the mountaineer; laughed with him over the inconveniences of the travel, and shared the lonely enthusiasm which burst forth when its accidents threw in his way a long coveted or entirely new specimen. When it became necessary for him to sink his Jacob's staff here and there, and leave her with his family amidst strange associations, for long months together, he could go with the calm feeling, that, as the favorite bird of his own discovery (the bird of Washington) his eyrie would be safe in the jealous strength of his mate, and open and warm for him on his return.

How many dark shadows of savage woods, has such reposeful trust been luminous with joy and faith to him. How many gloomy defiles can be passed, how many cold and sudden plunges be endured, how may fierce extravagant exigencies be faced, by that deep abiding assurance which feels and is certain that there is beyond all this a true heart to welcome, and a home! Some of the most noble, unpremeditated expressions of tenderness, we remember, are to be found in his biography of birrds, refering to the anticipated delight of such reunions with his family.—*American Review.*

JOHN HAMPDEN.

"The renowned leader of the Long Parliament—the first of those great English Commoners, whose plain addition of "Mr." has to republican ears a far more majestic sound than the proudest of feudal titles.

The celebrated Puritan leader is an almost solitary instance of a great man who neither sought nor shunned glory, who found greatness only because glory lay in the plain path of duty. During more than forty years he was known to his country neighbors as a gentleman of cultivated mind, of high principles, of polished address, happy in his family, and active in the discharge of local duties; to political men as an honest, industrious and sensible Member of Parliament, not eager to display his talents, staunch to his party, and attentive to the interests of his constituents.

A great and terrible crisis came. A direct attack was made, by an arbitrary government, on a sacred right of Englishmen—on a right which was the chief security for all other rights.

The nation around for a defender.—Calmly and unostentatiously, the plain Buckinghamshire Esquire placed himself at the head of his countrymen, and *right before the face and across the path of tyranny.*

The times grew darker and more troubled. Public service, perilous, arduous, delicate, was required; *and to every service the intellect and courage of this wonderful man were fully equal.* He became a debater of the first order, a most dextrous manager of the House of Commons, a negociator, a soldier, *He governed a fierce and turbulent assembly, abounding in able men, as easily as he had governed his family.* We can scarcely express the admiration which we feel for a mind so great, and at the same time so healthful and so well proportioned: so willingly contracting itself to the humblest duties; so easily expanding itself to the highest; so contented in repose, so powerful in action. Almost every part of this virtuous and blameless life, which is not hidden from us in modest privacy, is a precious and splendid portion of the history of Old England.

Baxter, eminent not only for his piety, and his fervid devotional eloquence, but for his moderation, his knowledgeof political affairs, and his skill in judging of characters — declared, in the *Saint's Rest*, that one of the pleasures which he hoped to enjoy in heaven was the society of Hampden.

We cannot but regret that we have not fuller memorials of a man, who, after passing through some of the most severe temptations by which human virtue can be tried, after acting a most conspicuous part in a revolution and a civil war, could yet deserve such praise as this from such authority. Yet the want of memorials is surely the best proof that hatred itself could find no blemish on his memory.

Economy.—A sound economy is a sound understanding brought into action. It is a sound calculation realized. It is the doctrine of proportion reduced to practice. It is the foreseeing contingencies and providing against them.—*Hannah More.*

☞ Politics is the art of being wise for others: Policy, the art of being wise for one's self.

MISCELLANY.

Beauty.—Let any one look around at the numerous fond couples of his acquaintance who are peacefully smilling in each other's faces, in defience of realities, and the common verdict of mankind, and he must acknowledge that beauty is but a name, and unless but a chimera. In effect there are no such things. Poetry, and novels and romances have made a certain combination of anburn hair, blue eyes, Greek noses, and pearl teeth, to be an indspinsable part of the *material* to true love; but in the commerce of the living world this is sheer nonsense. Depend upon it, that in spite of arbitrary standards there is no one so ugly who has not his ogglings, his amorous looks, and languishing smiles and that somebody or other has the heart to relish and return them. Nay, beauty itself chooses ugleness for its mate, without thinking it ugly. Look at Mr. and Mrs. P——, How balsamic is such a union to us that are ugly. We mean not to utter a word in disparagement of beauty, but we see no harm in extending its empire by multiplying its attributes. A man may have a just sense of all that is essentially, and by universal assent, most lovely—and yet, under some inexplicable illusion, fix his own final choice upon features that no one thinks agreeable but himself. He may make his quotations from twenty established belles—drink to the tyranny of all the reigning toasts—and then go and surrender up his soul forever to a mouth away, and teeth divinely not in rows. This is as it should be. By such by-laws as these, nature elects harmony from the jarring elements of the world; thus and, amidst all her seeming inequlities and inconsistencies, by a series of kindly compensations, she assimilates all considerations, an provides means for making every one contented and happy.

Sir Isaac Newton and Voltaire.—Newton wrote a work on the prophet Daniel, and another on the Book of the Revelations, in one of which he said that in order to fulfil certain prophecies before a certain date was terminated, namely, 1,860 years, there would be a mode of traveling of which the men of his time had no conception; nay, that the knowledge of mankind would be so increased, that they would be able to travel at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Voltaire, who did not believe in the inspiration of the scriptures, got hold of this, and said: "Now look at the mind of Newton, who discovered gravity, and told such marvels for us all to admire. When he became an old man and got into his dotage, he began to study that book called the Bible; and it seems, that in order to credit its fabulous nonsense, we must believe that the knowledge of mankind will be so increased, that we shall be able to travel at the rate of fifty miles an hour. "The poor old dotard!" exclaimed the philosophic infidel, Voltaire, in the self-complacency of his impiety. But who is the dotard now?

O, beloved and gentle Poverty! pardon me for having for a moment wished to fly from the, as I would from Want; stay here forever with thy charming sisters. Pity, Patience, Sobriety, and Solitude; be ye my queens and my instructors; teach me the stern duties of life; remove far from my abode the weaknesses of heart and giddiness of head which follow prosperity. Holy poverty! teach me to endure without complaining, to impart without grudging, to seek the end of life higher than in pleasure, further off than in power. Thou givest the body strength, thou makest the mind more firm; and, thanks to thee, this life to which the rich attach themselves to a rock, becomes a bark of which death may cut the cable without awakening all our fears. Continue to sustain me, O thou whom Christ hath called Blessed!

Industry.—Industry is essentially social. No man can improve either himself or his neighbor without neighborly help, and to better the world is to set the world to work together. Every useful invention has been carried out and perfected by the co-operation of many minds, or by the successive applications of varied genius to the same object, age after age. The mechanic must aid the philosopher, or he must stand still in his demonstrations; or he will work, and work without wisdom. The astronomer needs the telescope, and the chemist his material and apparatus. The sciences hang on the arts, and the arts on the sciences.

The warm hearted and benevolent man finds all nature smilling around him, or, if he chance to meet misery and suffering, the sympathy he extends to it reacts with pleasant influence on his own mind and proves a sufficient reward; but the morose and surly, or supercilious mind, wanders in the fairest scenes as in a desert—sees only to be dissatisfied, hears to be displeased.

☞ The talents granted to a single individual do not benefit himself alone, but are gifts to the world; every one shares them, for every one suffers or benefits by its actions. Genius is a light-house, meant to give light from afar; the man who bears it is but the rock upon which this light-house is built.

A correspondent of the Noblesville Patriot says "insults are like counterfeit money—we don't hinder them being offered, but we are not compelled to take them." Pretty good.

☞ The passions are like those demons with which Afrasiahb sailed down the Orus. Our only safety consists in keeping them asleep. If they wake, we are lost.

ARISTOCRACY AND SENSE.

Mr. Layard, the distinguished explorer of Nineveh, is an active member of the British Parliament, and in his place, on the 21st of February last, he declared his belief that "the country is standing on the brink of ruin." After showing the evils that had been entailed by the mismanagement of the war, and especially by the contemptible subservience of the government to the aristocracy, whose members were promoted at the expense of capacity and merit, he went on to say:

"This was monstrous. It might be said that he was assisting to pull down the aristocracy, on the contrary, he wanted to save the aristocracy; for he was satisfied that if this state of things existed much longer, the people of England would arise in their might, and sweep the whole of their aristocratic institutions away. The people were quiet now, but it wanted only a spark to arouse them, when they would sweep away from their places not only the Government, but many of the institutions of the country."

It is evident that the day of reckoning has come, or is very near at hand. The people of England are at least beginning to open their eyes to the fact that a man who is called a "Lord" or a "Duke" is not, on that account, a man of capacity, sense and genius. They are learning that *worth*, and not *title*, is the true ground of respect, and with this discovery will come the conviction that the whole frame-work of British society is unequal and oppressive to the poor, while it exalts those who have no claim to distinction.

The London *Record*, a religious newspaper, speaking of the wretched state of things in the East, says:

"The failure is too nearly universal to be regarded as of a common kind.—We might have been prepared for some mishaps, and some successes, for some exhibitions of folly, and some of skill and talent, but a distinguished Member of Parliament, after spending several weeks on the spot, declared that he met with but two persons who seemed to be possessed of common sense—and these were Omar Pasha and Miss Nightingale!"

The London *Times* thunders daily in the ears of the aristocracy, warning them of their dangers, and when these ideas become familiar to the minds of the masses, they will feel their burdens more heavily than now, and will seek for deliverance. These are the utterances of the British press, and of the British Parliament, and we believe them to be the beginning of the end.—*New York Observer.*

THE SECRET OF GOOD WRITING.

The grand secret of good writing seems to be in this simple maxim. Be sure you have an idea before you attempt to express it. If you clearly comprehend in your own mind what you wish to communicate, nature and reason, together with a little practice, will most certainly teach you how to say it in an appropriate manner.

A single idea is fully sufficient for one mind to manage at one time. And it may be added that if the idea is of much importance, it would be the most dignified by being honored with a private carriage.

Divide and conquer, is as valuable a rule in literary as in military tactics.—The more extensive the theme which the writer proposes to himself to discuss, the less, usually, he has to say upon it.—Some subjects can be mastered with ease, only by descending from generals to particulars, and treating of the subjects in their individual parts.

There is nothing more popular, especially wiih young writers, than brilliancy of style. The manner of writing is certainly excellent in its proper place, but there are many topics which do not require this quality, and many are much injured by it. The language of every dissertation should be that which is best calculated to express the thoughts in the happiest manner.

As the rays of the sun will not enkindle a blaze unless brought to a focus, so the thoughts of the writer will not set the hearts of his readers on fire, unless all are made to converge to a single point.

Some writers seem unable to express themselves in a cool, rational manner on any subject. With them every virtue is god-like, every fault felony, every breeze a tempest, every mole-hill a mountain. They appear to think their manner of writing is sublimity; but their judicious readers (if they have any such,) call it turgidity and absurdity.

The design of language is to give expression to thought—that style of writing, therefore, must necessarily be the best which perfectly conveys to the reader's mind what the writer intended he should understand.—*Goethe.*

Isaac's way to save Money.—"Give three dollars for a spoon-billed cap: it will last you always, if you don't care for the looks turn it the other side out and it will last as long again."

Fooled.—"Have you Blasted Hopes?" asked a lady of a librarian, whose face was much swollen by the toothache. "No ma'am," replied the youth, "but I've got a blasted toothache."

A Hard One.—If "all the world's a stage, and men and women merely players," where is the audience and blackegs to come from? From the Knothing lodge.

☞ Truth is an important power; a thing that has nothing to fear from circumstances, and a post where error has no power.

A Fact.—Remember that the human constitution is not [illegible]